



EDITED BY AUNT BUSHY.

DIRECTIONS FOR LETTER WRITING.

Write on one side of paper only. Do not have letters too long. Address all letters to "Aunt Bushy," Intermountain Catholic.

Golden, Colo., Feb. 4, 1900.

Dear Aunt Bushy,
I like to read the letters in the Intermountain Catholic, so I am going to write you a letter, too. I had a happy Christmas. I got a wheel. I hope you got one, too. We are going to have a new church. We have no sisters here so I attend the public school. I am in the fifth grade. I also take music lessons. I have two sisters and two brothers. We have a big St. Bernard dog. From your loving nephew,
MAMIE DUFFY.

Ogden, Utah, Feb. 5th, 1900.

Dear Aunt Bushy,
I hope you are well. I did not intend to write so soon, but I saw a letter in the Intermountain Catholic from Robert Dorey, and he said he would like to see a letter from Ogden. I go to St. Joseph's school and we boys have lots of fun, but we have to study hard. I hope I will be good enough to make my first Holy Communion this year. I have six brothers and no sisters. Mamma is kept very busy. The new church is almost finished. The weather is very fine for the time of year it is. I am tired of writing so I will close, from your new nephew,
COXNEILL'S DEAN.

Ogden, Utah, Feb. 5, 1900.

Dear Aunt Bushy,
As a sample of my little friends have written letters to you, I will write you one. I go to the Academy and I am in the Third reader. Sister Ellen is my teacher. I like drawing, catechism and arithmetic the best. Well, Aunt Bushy, I will close hoping you are well. I remain your loving nephew,
HARRY CALLAHAN.

Ogden, Utah, Feb. 5, 1900.

I saw in the Intermountain Catholic a letter from Robby Dorey, formerly of St. Joseph's, Ogden, Utah, but now of St. Joseph's, Missouri. I remember Robby well. He and I were class mates and used to have lots of fun. He had a lovely sister named Nellie. She was the best girl in our school. I was not a Catholic then, but I am now, and I am preparing for my first Holy Communion. When the churchman is built I hope to be Father. Robby Dorey was my boy. Love from all your Ogden nephews,
ROBBY ADAMS.

TWO LITTLE FACES.

Two little faces of two little girls,
One with straight hair and the other with curls.
One face as calm and as grave as a nun,
One with a smile like the rays of the sun.
Two little sisters in loving embrace,
Innocent souls in the garment of grace.
Eyes that can sparkle like stars in the night,
Hearts that hate evil and love to do right.
Ah! the wealth of the home is not jewels nor pearls,
'Tis the light from the eyes of its dear little girls.
Both the ones with straight hair
And the ones with the curls.

Two little faces of two little boys,
One that keeps still while the other makes noise.
One likes his book and the other his bat,
One hates a quarrel, and one loves a spat.
Two little brothers in loving embrace,
One with the seal of a saint on his face:
One bubbling over with frolic and fun,
Brims of mischief that's hurtful to none.
Ah! the life of the home is its sorrows and joys,
To the light from the eyes of its dear little boys.
Both the ones that keep still
And the ones that make noise.

THE POP CORN MAN.

There's a queer little man lives down the street,
Where two of the broadest highways meet.
In a queer little house that's half of it glass,
With windows open to all that pass.
And a low little roof that's nearly flat,
And a chimney as black as papa's hat.
Oh, the house is built on this funny plan
Because it's the home of the pop-corn man!
How does he sleep, if he sleeps at all?
He must roll up like a rubber ball.
Or like a squirrel, and store himself
All huddly-cuddly under the shelf.
If he wanted to stretch he'd scarce have space.
In his little square little square little space.
He seems like a rat cooped up in a can.
This break little, frisk little pop-corn man!
I know he's wise by the way he looks.
For he's just like the men I've seen in books.
With his hair worn off, and his squinty eyes,
And his wrinkles, too—ah, I know he's wise!
And then just think of the way he makes
The corn all jump into snowy flakes.
With a "pop! pop! pop!" in his covered pan.
This queer, little, dear little pop-corn man!

Make Others Happy.

Each one of us is bound to make the little circle in which he lives better and happier. Each one of us is bound to see that out of that small circle the widest good may flow. Each one of us must have faith in his mind the thought that out of a single household may flow the influences that shall stimulate the whole community and the civilized world.
The Father's house is surely thine.
His lights of love through darkness shine.
The hour grows late.
Push back the curtain of thy doubt,
And enter—none will cast thee out!

SNOW-BIRDS.

White-breasted snow-birds,
Whirling around,
Like a flurry of snowflakes,
Down to the ground,
Bright, chirping snow-birds,
Seeking a meal
For the fields above the snow,
In the stubble.
Twitting snow-birds,
Are you not cold.

The Sacred Heart was beating all that night awake with hers.

But it was more than this that Marie saw. Forms radiant with a brightness and a beauty far beyond the glory of the setting sun her eyes had looked on last; angel faces, harps of gold that rang with the sweetest music in that music a chant of heavenly glory mingling, raising grand hosannas to the King of Kings. And the door of the holy shrine stood open, and within she saw a child more fair, more sweet, more radiant to behold than any angel there.

He looked at her, he smiled at her, toward her, and she saw in his eyes, where plainly she beheld the sacred wounds. That smile! that look!—no pen can tell, no pencil paint them. Watching her all the time, and nothing she could think of, time or dream of fear or know aught of pain and trouble while such bliss was present.

She had not heard the step that came through the forest, crushing the twigs and boughs beneath it; she did not know that the night had passed away and the morning sun was shining in her face. If he had or bird or creeping thing had touched her once in all that cold dream, she would have felt for the face of the Lord of all created things had been before her, and the sight had charmed all else away.

But Stanislaus, who was the only relative that Marie had, coming home from college for a brief holiday with his little sister and choosing the shortest way through the tangled forest and thick wood rather than the beaten track, in order that he might reach her the sooner—choosing it by his good angel's guidance—saw a light that made him doubt at first that what he had seen could not be the truth. He had reached his little Marie even sooner than he had expected.

He had started long before the sun was up so that he might find her in church at early mass and kneel with her. Once more he saw the light, this time, he saw it in the lonely, tightly-bound, deathlike creature that lay there stirring not, nor sobbing nor showing any sign of life whatever.

"Marie! Marie! Marie!"
He tore away the bandage from the dead eyes; slowly she opened them, and she could not see. Her face, turned toward him stopped his eager questioning; suddenly they were indeed at church hearing mass, even as he had hoped and planned.

She showed no surprise, no suffering, no joy on account of earthly pains that were present. He saw her smile, holding his breath in awe, not daring to speak again and break that holy silence. Presently she sighed, as if with mingled happiness and sorrow.
"I have watched all night with the Sacred Heart," she said. "Is it time for morning?"

A Chance For Plain Girls.

"This is the era of the plain girl in business," said a leading milliner, "and the girl whose beauty is so insistent that none may deny it has to stand aside for her plainer sister. My word of it, she knows all about the treasure."

Marie did not deny this statement, but to entreaties, threats and promises she would not make any reply except constant refusal to betray the trust imposed in her. So they bore her off with them into the gloomy forest and into the final trial, thinking she must surely yield.

"It is the last time," the leader said. "Not often, child, do I ask a thing. Will you tell me what I ask you?"
More than those rough men waited for Marie's answer. Angels waited for her lips to open—waited to see the light between good and evil fought out to its bitter end, that by God's grace, might prove most sweet.

In the gathering twilight the soldiers came, and any sign of pallor on the face before them, and they heard no faltering word in the voice that sounded clearly over the evening breeze sighing through the pine trees:
"I can tell you."

No more parting and no more threats; actions now. They bound the bare arms tightly and tied the small feet together with stout, knotted cords. She looked straight forward at the setting sun, which was visible just at the horizon through the vista of trees. Would she ever see that sun again? She looked up at the blue sky, the verdant glade and the swaying branches; one little squirrel she heard lovingly darting up a gnarled and mossy trunk, and yet she felt no heartache. At the rude soldiers she did not glance at all.

They let her look as she pleased for one brief minute, then blinded her eyes closely and suddenly she felt herself lifted and borne onward by stalwart arms.

"We will not leave her where she last saw the light," the leader said. "Onward, my men, onward!"
Where they went Marie could only guess, but the sound of twice cracking beneath their feet and the boughs pushed aside or broken made her think that they were leaving the beaten track and going deeper into the wood. By and by she was led roughly down.
"A good spot," she heard one say. "It looks like the fox's den and no other. Well, she might have earned a better fate had she chosen."

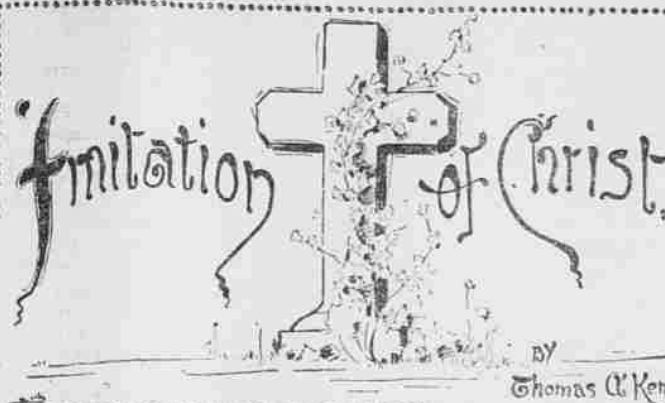
They did not dream that their words could make her fear or waver? If they did, their dream was in vain, and although one and another turned to look at her as they marched away into the gathering night, they only saw the face as calm and sweet and still as the evening star that hung in the darkening skies above the trees that were growing grim and ghostly in the twilight.

There were men who woke with a start and scream in the lawless camp that night—woke from dreaming of a child in sore distress through their years. Years afterwards there were men who dreamed that dream sleeping and waking, and called on God to forget and forgive them the sin which they could not forget.

But that night of fear and remorse for them was bright with joy and peace for Marie. The beginning of her nights of joy and peace. Sometimes she had heard the good priest tell that when the martyrs suffered for our sins they were not always suffering; that there had been cases where the fierce fire had lost its sting, the sword had pierced and hurt not and the rack had been as the bed of softest down. So it was with God's martyr child on that night.

If the falling dew were cold and harsh, she did not feel them. If the boughs against which she lay were gnarled and rough, she did not heed it. If the wild bird screamed in the tree above her, and the snake hissed through the long grass at her feet, and the wolf howled in his haunt hard by, she heard them not at all. For this was what Marie saw, and it charmed all else away.

A cavern underground, a gray-haired priest, an altar formed out of rude stones and clay; on that altar a holy shrine, where safe in reverent keeping,



CHAPTER XXIV.

Of judgment and the punishment of sinners.

In all things look to the end, and how they will stand before the strict Judge, from whom there is nothing hid; who takes no bribes, and receives no excuses; but will judge that which is just.

O, miserable sinner, thou wilt answer unto God, who knoweth all thy evil deeds—thou who art sometimes afraid of an angry man!

Why dost thou not provide thee against the day of judgment, when no man can be excused or defended by another, but each one will have to answer for himself?

Now thy labor is profitable, thy tears are acceptable, thy groans are heard; thy sorrow is satisfying and purifieth the soul.

The patient man hath a great and wholesome purgatory; who suffering wrongs, is more concerned at another's malice than at his own injury; who prays freely for his adversaries, forgiving their offenses from his heart; who delays not to ask pardon of others; who is easier moved to pity than anger; who does frequent violence to himself, and the more fervently seeks in submission to the spirit.

Better is it to purge away our sins, and cut off our vines now, than to keep them for purgation afterward.

Truly we deceive ourselves, through the inordinate love we bear the flesh. What else will that fire devour but us?

The more thou sparest thyself now, and followest the flesh, so much the more deeply shalt thou pay for it hereafter, and the more fuel dost thou lay up for that fire.

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In what things a man hath more

earned, in those things shall he be most

strictly punished.

There the faithful will be picked with burning brands, the gluttonous tormented with extreme hunger and thirst; the luxurious and the lovers of pleasure will have burning pitch and foetid sulphur rained upon them; and the envious, like dogs, will howl for food.

There will be no vice but will have its own peculiar torment. There the proud will be filled with confusion, and the covetous pinched with the most insupportable want.

There one hour of punishment will be more grievous than a hundred years of the most fruitful penance here. There will be no rest, no consolation for the damned, but here we sometimes cease from labor and enjoy the consolation of our friends.

Be, therefore, solicitous and sorrowful for thy sins, that in the day of judgment thou mayest be in security with the blessed; for then the just shall stand with great constancy against those that have afflicted and oppressed them. Then will he stand up to judge who now humbly submit himself to the judgment of men.

Then shall the poor and humble have great confidence, and the proud will fear on every side. Then will it appear that he was wise in this world, who for Christ's sake learned to be a fool and despised.

Then every tribulation borne with patience shall be pleasing, and all iniquity shall stop her mouth. Then shall every devout person rejoice, and all bad persons shall be sad. Then shall simple obedience be more highly exalted than all worldly cunning.

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